

## The Columbus Journal.

VOL. IX.—NO. 34.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 450.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**Dr. J. S. McALLISTER,**  
SURGEON AND MEDICAL DENTIST.  
Office on 12th st., three doors  
east of Schilz's shoe store,  
Columbus, Neb. Telephone Rooms in  
connection with Dental Office. 215-7**HUGH HUGHES,**  
CARPENTER, JOINER AND CON-  
TRACTOR. All work promptly  
attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Refers to the many for whom he has  
done work, as to prices and quality. 364**W. A. CLARK,**  
Mill-Wright and Engineer,  
COLUMBUS, NEB. 402-12**J. S. CHRISTISON, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
For one year a RESIDENT PHYS-  
ICIAN to the NEW YORK CITY  
HOSPITALS, Blackwell's Island, N. Y.  
Office on 11th St., next to the JOURNAL.  
Mileage 50 cts. Medicines furnished.**M. WEISENFELD,**  
Will repair watches and clocks in  
the best manner, and cheaper than  
it can be done in any other town. Work  
left with Saml. Gass, Columbus, on 10th  
street, one door east of L. Glick's store,  
or with Mr. Weisenfeld at Jackson, will  
be promptly attended to. 415.**NELSON MILLET,** BYRON MILLET,  
Justices of the Peace and  
Notary Public.**A. MILLET & SON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus,  
Nebraska, N. E. They will give  
close attention to all business entrusted  
to them. 218.**RYAN & DEGAN,**  
Two doors east of D. Ryan's Hotel  
on 11th street, keep a large stock of  
Wines, Liquors, Cigars,  
And everything usually kept at a first-  
class bar. 411-x**FOR SALE OR TRADE!**  
**MARES & COLTS,**  
—Teams of—  
**HORSES OR OXEN.**  
**SADDLE HORSES,** wild or broke,  
at the Corral of  
GERRARD & ZEIGLER.**DOLAND & SMITH,**  
**DRUGGISTS,**  
Wholesale and Retail.  
NEBRASKA AVE., opposite City  
Hall, Columbus, Neb. 227-10  
N. family and fine goods. Par-  
ticulars and recipes a specialty. 417**STAGE ROUTE.**  
JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier be-  
tween Columbus and Albia, will  
leave Columbus every day except Sun-  
day at 6 o'clock, stopping through  
Monroe, Grand Island, and Albia,  
and returning to Columbus at 10 A.  
M. The hack will call at either of  
the Hotels for passengers if orders are  
left at the post-office. Rates 25c per  
mile, \$2 to Albia. 222-ly**Columbus Meat Market!**  
**WEBER & KNOBEL, Prop's.**  
KEEP ON HAND all kinds of fresh  
meats, and smoked pork and beef;  
also fresh fish. Make sausage a spe-  
cialty. Remember the place, Eleventh  
St., one door west of D. Ryan's  
Hotel. 415-4**Dietrich's Meat Market.**  
Washington Ave., nearly opposite Court House,  
Columbus, Neb. 415-4**OWING TO THE CLOSE TIMES,**  
meat will be sold at this market  
low down for cash.  
Best steak, per lb., 10c.  
Rib steak, " " 8c.  
Boil, " " 6c.  
Two cents a pound more than the above  
prices will be charged on time, and that  
to good responsible parties only. 267.**DOCTOR BONESTEELE,**  
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON.  
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.  
OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to  
4 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. Office on  
Nebraska Avenue, three doors north of  
E. J. Baker's grain office. Residence,  
corner Wyoming and Walnut streets,  
north Columbus, Neb. 415-4**MRS. W. L. COSSEY,**  
Dress and Shirt Maker,  
3 Doors West of Stillman's Drug Store.  
Dresses and shirts cut and made to  
order and satisfaction guaranteed. Will  
also do plain or fancy sewing of any de-  
scription.  
PRICES VERY REASONABLE.  
Give me a call and try my work.  
423-ly**HENRY GASS,**  
Undertaker, KEYS ON HAND  
ready-made and Metallic Coffins,  
Walnut Picture Frames, Mends Cane  
Seat Lumber. Keeps on hand Black Wal-  
nut Lumber. Washington Ave., opposite Court House, Columbus, Neb.**F. W. OTT,**  
Sells  
All kinds of  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS  
ONE DOOR NORTH OF POST OFFICE.  
400-ly**F. SCHECK,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**CIGARS AND TOBACCO.**  
ALL KINDS OF  
SMOKING ARTICLES.  
Store on Olive St., near the old Post Office  
Columbus Nebraska. 417-ly**Dr. E. L. SIGGINS,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office open  
at all hours  
Bank Building.**"Don't You Bet."**  
For if you do you will lose money by  
purchasing an expensive Wind Mill,  
when you can buy one of J. O. Shannon  
for about one-half the money that any  
other costs. Call on J. O. Shannon, on  
11th street, opposite Mahlon Cloth's  
store, Columbus, Neb. 411-13**HENRY G. CAREW,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.  
Formerly a member of the English  
bar, will give prompt attention to all  
business entrusted to him in this and  
adjoining counties. Collections made.  
Office one door east of Schilz's shoe store,  
corner of 11th and 12th Streets. Spricht  
Deutsch. Parle Francais. 414-4**COLUMBUS BRICK YARD,**  
(One mile west of Columbus.)  
**THOMAS FLYNN & SON, Prop's.**  
**GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK**  
Always on Hand in  
QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS  
371-4**BERNARD MOTEAGART,**  
**BLACKSMITH,**  
Is prepared to do all kinds of black-  
smithing in a workmanlike manner, and  
will guarantee to give satisfaction. He  
makes  
HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY,  
and in this branch of the trade will ac-  
knowledge no peers. Persons having  
lame horses from bad shoeing will do  
well to bring them to him. He only asks  
for a trial. All kinds of repairing done  
to order. 410-3m**CALIFORNIA WINES!**  
Best and White.  
\$1.25 & \$1.75  
A GALLON  
—AT—  
**SAM'L GASS'S,**  
Eleventh Street.**LUERS & SCHREIBER**  
Blacksmith and Wagon Maker.  
All kinds of repairing done at short  
notice. Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c.,  
made to order. All work warranted.  
Shop on Olive Street, opposite Tatter-  
sal, Columbus, Nebraska. 352**J. C. ELLIOTT,**  
AGENT FOR THE  
**STOVER WIND MILL**  
AND ALL KINDS OF PUMPS  
—AND—  
**PUMP MATERIALS!**  
—ALSO—  
Challenge Wind and Feed Mills,  
Combined Sheller and Grinders,  
Malt Mills, Horse Powers,  
Corn Shellers and  
Fanning Mills.**Pumps Repaired on Short Notice.**  
Farmers, come and examine our mill.  
You will find one erected on the premises  
of the Hammond House, in good running  
order.**COLUMBUS**  
**Restaurant and Saloon!**  
**E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**Foreign Wines, Liquors**  
AND CIGARS.  
**DOUBLIN STOUT,**  
**SCOTCH AND ENGLISH ALES.**  
Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.**OYSTERS,**  
In their season,  
BY THE CASE, CAN OR DISH.  
**WM. BECKER,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**GROCERIES,**  
Grain, Produce, Etc.  
Good Goods and Fair Dealing.**NEW STORE, NEW GOODS.**  
Goods delivered Free of Charge,  
anywhere in the city.  
Corner of 13th and Madison Sts.  
North of Foundry. 391**"SANTA CLAUS"**  
BY MARY D. BRINE.  
Oh! for the merry "Long Ago"  
Of childhood's happy day,  
Before the wondrous faith and trust  
Fostered and away!  
When little hearts beat high and fast  
As Christmas morn drew near,  
And the magic name of "Santa Claus"  
To every soul was dear."Twas said that at the midnight hour  
This Prince from fairy-land  
Stepped quickly to each chimney top  
And from his lavish hand  
Dropped down for those who gifts de-  
served  
A plentiful supply.  
Then vanished with his fairy steeds  
Somewhere beyond the sky."If that be so," my playmate said  
In whisper soft to me,  
"At midnight hour we'll climb the roof  
Of Santa Claus to see!"  
But did he dare to do so?  
That hides from mortal sight?  
For neither Prince nor toy saw we,  
Only the moonbeams bright.And yet when morning dawned at last  
And Christmas bells rang clear,  
Lo! there they were, the Christmas gifts  
To childish hearts so dear!  
Then many a cheer for Santa Claus,  
The kindly Prince of toys,  
The wonderful, mysterious friend  
Of earth's glad girls and boys!But wisdom came with added years,  
And we at last had proof  
That Santa Claus is found below,  
And not above the roof.  
All hail to the glad Christmas-time!  
We say it as of old,  
But let the children's eager hearts  
To the old story hold.Let Santa Claus still live for them,  
To gladden each sweet dream—  
For soon they'll learn the painful truth  
Things are not all they seem.  
Of childhood's merry "Long Ago"  
Of childhood's Christmas day  
Ere long with childhood's distant joys  
Shall also fade away.**THE VACANT SEAT.**  
A Christmas Story.  
It was on the morning of the day  
before Christmas. Most of the people  
who lived in the little hamlet of  
St. Anne's were looking forward  
with joyous anticipations to the  
morrow, but not all. In the cot of  
Arkwright, the pilot, there was sad-  
ness instead of joy, and the looking  
forward to the Christmas time was  
sadder still.Sitting down to the table, on this  
morning before Christmas, were  
Mrs. Arkwright and three children—  
the widow and the fatherless. The  
widow was a woman of five-and-  
forty, yet fair and comely, though  
care and sorrow had drawn deep,  
dark lines upon her face. Of the  
children the oldest was a girl, Mary,  
of 15; and the youngest a boy, of 8.  
And at the table were two vacant  
seats—one at the head, and another  
on the right of the head. And this  
is why they were vacant:Six years before there had been  
another child in the household—the  
first-born—a stout boy, named Ed-  
ward. At the age of 16 he had been  
able, when circumstances required,  
to take his father's place at the helm  
of incoming or outgoing vessels, and  
had been looked upon by the hardy  
pilots and fishermen of St. Anne's  
as a lad of more than usual promise.  
Strong and manful for his age, and  
handsome and good, he had been not  
only the pride and joy of his parents  
but the pride of the hamlet. One day,  
six years ago, Edward went out  
in charge of a vessel bound to Liver-  
pool, taking with him only a light  
dory in which to return when he  
should have piloted his charge be-  
yond danger. A sudden and un-  
looked-for storm arose, and Edward  
came not back. It was said, by  
those who understood such matters,  
that he must have left the vessel be-  
fore the coming of the storm. Three  
days afterward the wreck of his  
dory was picked up outside of the  
Black rocks, and there was no more  
waiting for the lost one.Following a custom which their  
fathers had brought with them from  
another land, Edward's seat at the  
frugal board had been from that  
time left vacant. Morning, noon  
and night the chair which the brave  
youth had once occupied was set in  
its accustomed place, and perhaps  
they, in their simple faith, imagined  
that the spirit of the departed might  
sometimes keep them company, and  
witness their sorrow, and know, of  
a verity, how much and how truly  
they had loved him.That seat had been at the right of  
the head, and now—now—another  
seat was vacant. During the autumn  
last passed the husband and  
father had been swallowed up in the  
sea, and the chair which he had oc-  
cupied for full three-and-twenty  
years stood vacant by the side of the  
other. Surely, sorrow was upon  
the humble household, Aye—and  
more than sorrow—want stared them  
in the face. And yet, perhaps, this  
very wolf barking at their door  
served to blunt and smooth the rag-  
ged edge of the keener misery."Mother," said Mary, looking up  
from the breakfast-table with a face  
that bore marks of an age beyond  
her years, "to-morrow is Christmas."  
"Yes, my child; but it can be no  
Christmas to us. Christmas should  
be joyous. And joy is not for this  
household!""But, mother, the evening of to-  
day will be Christmas eve."  
"Certainly my child.""Did you not say, mother, that  
after Christmas eve we would have  
but one vacant seat at our board?"  
An expression of pain passed over  
the face of the mother."Yes, Mary," she replied, huskily,  
"I said so; and I think so it must  
be. Had Edward been with us he  
would have been at the head. The  
single vacant seat will keep the  
memories of both fresh and green.  
And, moreover, I see that, ere long,  
we must sell our chairs, and con-  
tent us with more simple seats. One  
chair we will keep, and it shall be  
sacred to the memory of both our  
loved ones departed."And on that evening the chairs that  
were to be sold were set apart, and  
the widow and her three children  
sat at the table upon rough wooden  
boxes. Only one chair remained—  
at the head of the board—vacant.While the family were at their  
painfully frugal repast, the door was  
unceremoniously opened, and Philip  
Seabury entered. He was a pilot—  
was a dear friend of John Ark-  
wright—and was a bluff, big-hearted  
man. He was welcomed heartily,  
for a ray of something akin to sun-  
shine came in with his honest,  
genial face."Philip," said the widow, reluc-  
tantly, "I wish we could ask you to  
sit at our board; but, alas! it could  
only be an empty invitation.""I had thought of that, Mrs. Ark-  
wright, and partly for that reason  
am I here. We want you to have  
as merry a Christmas as you can,  
and—"The widow put up her hand.  
"Hush, Philip. I know the good-  
ness of your heart, and I appreciate  
it; but I cannot think of an attempt  
at joy for the morrow. It would  
seem to me almost impious. Per-  
haps, at some time, should the need  
come more cruelly upon me, I may  
ask a favor; but not of joy for the  
morrow. No, no—I feel that we can  
best serve ourselves, and pay respect  
to the dear ones gone, by making  
our Christmas a day of mourning.  
We will remember the crucifixion  
rather than the birth."The old pilot sat by the fire, and  
rubbed his hands over the lazy flame,  
and, after an extended season of re-  
flection, he looked up as though a  
new idea had struck him."By the way, Mrs. Arkwright, did  
you ever know the Dolorosa fam-  
ily?"The widow said she had never  
known them, though the name had  
a familiar sound."They once lived not far from  
here," pursued Seabury, "and they  
had a son who was a pilot. Excuse  
me, but their case was, in some re-  
spects, so near like your own that I  
couldn't help thinking of it. But I  
won't go on if you wish me not.""On the contrary," said the widow,  
"I should like to hear the story. Even  
in direct misfortune compan-  
ionship is a relief." And she and  
her little ones came and gathered  
around the fire; and she added:  
"Tell me the story, Philip.""It was your own case that made  
me think of it just now," said the  
pilot, still rubbing his hands over  
the fire. "You see, old Dolorosa—  
queer name, isn't it?—was a pilot  
and his son was a pilot. Dye won-  
der they made me think of old John  
and Edward? One day, as I was  
told—I didn't see it myself—young  
Dolorosa, the lad, went out in charge  
of a vessel bound to some foreign  
port, taking his skill to come back  
in. While he was gone a dreadful  
storm came on; and it was known  
that he must have left the vessel,  
and that the sudden storm caught  
him in the egg-shell of a skiff. Of  
course he was lost—but, as it turned  
out, he wasn't lost for all time. Some  
how many—young Dolorosa, grown  
to be a grand and handsome man,  
came home, and joy came with him.  
He had been all the absent years in  
India, had grown rich—that is, rich  
for him—rich enough at all events,  
to support the old home without  
another stroke of work.""Bless God for the joy given to  
that mother!" said Mrs. Arkwright,  
folding her hands upon her breast.  
"My boy can never come back to  
me! But—how was he saved, and  
why did he go to India?""Thus it was," answered Philip,  
"and this I have from one who heard  
him tell the story. On that day of  
the storm he had left the vessel he  
had piloted out, as had been sup-  
posed. When the storm caught him  
it swamped him very quickly, but  
he clung to his light boat, and, as  
good luck would